

in the mental attitude to dancing. "No man in his senses will dance," said solemn old Cicero, and the anathema with which the dance was regarded in the Puritanical ages is still recalled. But Milton was broader; Byron was eulogistic; and even solid Channing paid his tribute to the lure of dancing. "No amusement," said he, "seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth overflows spontaneously in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is to realise perfect grace in motion: and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature?"

So Miss Connop has good backing for her assertion that there is imbedded deep in thousands of hearts the desire to dance. But, alas, their bodies shrink from venturing on the floor because the art is deemed to be difficult. Therefore she urged that dancing-masters and mistresses should concentrate upon dispelling this illusion. Dancing, she claims, keeps you young, fit and happy. At any rate, Miss Connop is enthusiastic, and I renew the compliment paid before. I do love people to be in earnest in what they are saying. Her vivacity and enthusiasm are quite infectious, but I wonder would she stamp upon my toes (should I ever have the good luck to dance with her) if I were to recommend consultation of a dictionary upon the pronunciation of the word "superlative"?

For Those in Distress

RADIO is as marvellous as the daily press in its dramatic changes. From the gaiety and brightness of the ball-

room floor, and memories conjured by Miss Connop's references to the scintillating beauties of "The Gold-Diggers of Broadway," "Whoopee," and other film masterpieces, I was recalled to the drab realities of life by the moving appeal for assistance to his fund for the relief of distress made by the newly-elected Mayor of Wellington. Mr. Hislop commands admiration for the manner in which he has thrown himself into this charitable work, and one cannot but wish him the fullest success for his efforts. Families starving in our midst: no food in the house for two days. "This is a call which I feel confident cannot be made in vain in the City of Wellington," said the Mayor. Carried right into the home as this appeal was, results must follow. As he spoke I visualised the wide range of homes into which his words would penetrate—the humble home equipped with its crystal and phones, to the luxurious mansion, with the magnificent modern consoles. But wherever those words penetrated, they will, I hope, be met with courtesy and generosity. Times admittedly are hard, and economy is essential on all sides; but it is in hard times that the milk of human kindness develops most sweetly. No one is so kind as the poor, for well they know what distress means. But we need now more than the kindness of the poor. The well-to-do should give, and freely at that. For our credit's sake we are not backward in giving, and the Mayor's appeal will unquestionably win response. I was pleased with Mr. Hislop's dignified utterance and diction—a very pleasant change from many of our public speakers.

The Radio Show

AS a good radio enthusiast I listened eagerly to the opening of the Radio Exhibition, hoping for something in conformity with the importance of radio and the place it plays now in our homes. Will I be excessively unpopular if I say that, with the exception of Mr. Ball's effort from the studio, I was disappointed—i.e., with the speeches. Of the programmes, with their wealth of Maori melody, I need not speak. But perhaps I expected too much. Mr. Dawson, I understand, is a very clever technician, and to him as such I lift my hat. When we transport the laboratory man to the platform we must not demand impossibilities. Nevertheless, Mr. Dawson did fairly well—in fact too well, for in effecting introduction of the Postmaster-General he proceeded at such length that I was reminded of the story of the prosy chairman introducing a well known literary lecturer upon Dickens. The chairman was himself a devotee of the novelist, and proceeded to expatiate at such length that, when he at last turned to the speaker and asked him to deliver his address, the speaker rose and, with superb diction and dignity, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the address for which your worthy chairman has asked me is, I am happy to say, the Grand Hotel, to which, owing to the lateness of the hour, I am now returning." However, Mr. Donald was eventually called upon. In the House of Commons I once heard Mr. Asquith speak for an hour; I heard Lloyd George at the Albert Hall and elsewhere; Ramsay MacDonald on a number of occasions; Dr. Campbell Morgan; R. J.

Campbell; T. P. O'Connor, and dozens of other leading speakers. The qualities which have always commanded my admiration in respect of cultivated English speakers have been their perfect presence, their clarity of utterance, and their finished sentences. Given those qualities, it is a pleasure to listen to a good speech. I particularly remember Mr. Asquith. His rate of utterance was slow, not exceeding, I should say, 120 words a minute at his most impassioned. But how concise and clear-cut his thought; how rounded his phrase; how complete his command of language. No tripping of words, no switching from a half-uttered thought to another in inconsequential relation. Smoothly and lucidly he developed his theme, marshalled his facts, and drove home his conclusions. In the mystery of the voice, too, Home speakers show to great advantage over Colonial speakers. I put this down primarily to the necessity imposed on them of allowing their voices to travel out over large audiences. Our Parliamentarians rise generally from the humble local body, where they require to address their fellows in but a small room. There is thus developed undue rapidity of utterance and that tendency to gabble which impairs most of our men. Compared with many of our politicians, Mr. Donald was free of many faults, but he did not seem to me to be at ease. He spoke as though under restraint and without special interest, as if unable to express himself freely. I am sure he is capable of making better speeches.

Mr. Ball is so much of a piece with the radio service that he will, I trust, excuse me passing him casually by. Except that I might, later, offer a prize bouquet of cabbage leaves and onions for an address from him which does not contain any references to "the wonders of radio." His outline of the service given by radio, however, was timely and practical.

International Law— Concentrated

IS there any way of making an extract of good solid plum pudding without impairing its flavour and quality? The task must be a difficult one. Prof. Julius Hogben, LL.B., of the Auckland University, must have realised something of the problem when he spoke on Tuesday night. For if ever a prospective talk savoured of heaviness it was this on International Law. I think, perhaps, the speaker did wisely in not attempting to lighten his lecture. To speak logically, widely and convincingly, in the short space of time at his disposal, on a subject which is usually treated in massive tomes, betokens a brave and capable man. It would appear that International Law serves to prove yet again the accuracy of the statement "There's nothing new under the sun." First, just what is it? The speaker defined it as that body or group of rules and usages which are binding upon civilised States in their relation to one another. As the law is man-made it follows that the average citizen realises its good sense and justice; as a consequence no State dare really ignore it. Because the law has been broken frequently (the most remarkable and universal breakage being the Great War), is no proof of its

non-existence. Because Chicago enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the most murderous "civilised" city on earth, it does not follow that there is no law against murder there. While International Law cannot be classified as the panacea of all international ills, nor can its interest lie solely in averting wars, still it is without doubt one of our greatest institutions for building up a sane state of law and order. Like most laws, it is very ancient, and its history may be traced quite easily to Old Testament B.C. days. War, indeed, was then frequently the instrument employed in preserving and restraining the sanctity of the law. Deuteronomy is full of such examples. The speaker divided the Law's life history, as it were, into four distinct periods. Stone Age to Early Roman Empire; Early Roman Empire to the Reformation, during which second period its props of justice were allowed to sag a bit, according to the interests and personal desires of individual rulers; Reformation to the Great War; the Great War to . . . ? Treaties, Pacts, Pacific understandings, all have a part in the foundation of modern International Law. Since, speaking fundamentally, it rests on the public opinion of States and therefore, in theory anyway, on the opinions of people themselves in those States, we can all assist in making International Law a sound institution by which to build a saner state of law and order throughout the world. This was a good solid talk, providing a plenitude of food for thought, and I am hopeful that it was heard by many.

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